THE DESCRIPTION, OF THAT EVER TO BE FAMED KNIGHT,

SIR IOHN BVRGH,

COLONELL GENERALL of his Maieſties Armie: With his laſt ſeruice at the Iſle of *Rees*, and his vnfortunate Death, then when the Armie had moſt need of ſuch a Pilote.

Viuit poſt funera virtus.

Written by ROBERT MARKHAM, Captaine of a foote Company in the ſame Regiment, and Shot alſo in the ſame ſeruice.

Fors dominatur neq; vita eſt vlli propria in vita.

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THE EPISTLE.

I Will not Dedicate theſe weeping lines
Vnto a laughing Lord for Patronage,
That without Mourning habit richlyſhines
In gold, nor will I ſend a Pilgrimage
My ſorrowes, brought a bed in this ſame Booke,
To be protected by a Ladyes Looke.

Nor will I inuocate a Iudge, becauſe
I write vpon an Honourable fate,
Vntimely haſtned; for within his lawes,
Deathes immature are all degenerate,
He that condemneth life, and goods, ſhall be
No pittileſſe protector (Booke) to thee.

No Sycophant ſhall ſee thee by my will,
No, nor a golden Coward, for I vow,
I hate his quaking qualitie as ill,
As any the worſt vice that raigneth now;
A foole ſhall neuer thy ſad lines behold,
Becauſe Braſſe is as good to him as Gold.

But I will ſend thee like a Marſhall Booke,
Vnto all Souldiers, lac'd with noble skarres,
That thinkes on BVRGH with a deiected looke,
And that hath knowne him well in all his Warres,

That can repeate all things that he hath done;
Since the first minute that his sand did runne.

And that perhaps the glory of his worth,
His noble Birth, his seuerall Commands,
Will in a larger volumne blason foorth,
Then this that passeth through my feeble hands,
For to set foorth his rise, and not his fall,
Kirneld with life, and not with Funerall.

I could my selfe Heroicke stories make,
Of all the passages, of all his facts,
But that a mighty volume it would take,
And I should be so pleased with his Actes,
I should not halfe be sad enough, to write
His last fare well, my Heart would be too light.

And therefore I will vnto other braines,
Leaue the whole progresse of his former dayes;
Ile onely like an Eccho take the paines
To sing his end, and crowne his end with Bayes,
Which if I Miser-like too sparing doe,
Let euery Soule ioyne in my sorrow too.

And then shall Robert Markham be,
Most happie in his Ellegie.

TO

TO THE READER.

FAith Reader, if you vnderſtand
But little, in this little Booke,
Goe ſhake *Tom Derry* by the hand,
Or on your Cozen *Archey* looke,
Or if you will not be a Foole,
Returne againe, with ſpeed to Schoole.

But if you vnderſtanding be,
And not a Critticke, you may then
Haue Noble leaue, and libertie,
To reape the Fruite of ſorrowes Penne
And when you read, that BVRGH is ſlaine,
Then ſay her ſorrow's not in vaine.

To my worthily esteemed Kinsman the Authour.

IF Poets *challenge Laurell as their owne,*
Sacred to them, as their deserued Crowne;
Or if a Trophey be the Souldiers *right,*
Ventring himself, in many a dreadfull fight;
What is the honour we to thee shall doe,
Who art a Souldier, *and a* Poet *too?*
That thou art valiant, fatall Rees *shall tell,*
Which drunke the blood, that from thy body fell;
That thou a Poet *art, who needes to aske?*
That well appeares, in this thy Noble taske.
Not for our neerenesse doe I praise thy Booke,
Although our blood, we from one fountaine tooke;
But what I say, Enuie *shall not denie,*
Writing the worth of BVRGHS, *thou canst not die.*

I. E.

THE AVTHORS EYES PVRGING WITH THE Pills of ſorrow, drops here vpon the Obſequies of SIR IOHN BVRGH, His Noble Colonell, with ſuch a heauineſſe, that they doe fall in Print as followeth.

IF teares could tell the Story of my woe,
How I with ſorrow pine away for thee,
My ſpungie eyes their bankes ſhould ouer-flow,
And make a very Moore, or Mire of me;
I would out weepe a thouſand *Nyobyes*,
For I would weepe, till I wept out my eyes.

My heart ſhould drop ſuch teares as did thy wound,
And my wound ſhould keepe conſort with my heart;
In a red Sea my body ſhould be drown'd,
My gall ſhould breake, and beare a bitter part,
Such crimſon Rue as I would weepe, ſhould make
Democrates himſelfe, a wormewood Lake.

Or if that my blew winged words could tell,
How darke I mourne without a Starre of glee,
My tongue the clapper, and my mouth the bell,
Should ceaseleſſe ring thy hapleſſe deſtinie:
Whilſt that my Penne vnable for to ſpeake,
In Tragicke ſongs ſhould grind away her beake.

But woe is me, that my woes are ſo great,
That neither Eyes, nor Tongue, nor yet my Quill,
Is able for to limme, to dround, repeate
The leaſt Moulewart of ſuch a mount of ill:
O thou ſad Muſe, which treateſt ſtill of thoſe,
Whoſe threds are cut, how ſhall I view my woes?

Shall I fall out with Heauen that did decree
Thy *Autumne*, ere thy Summer dayes were paſt,
Or ſhall I raile vpon thy deſtenie,
That ſtrooke thee firſt, that ſhouldſt haue ſuffer'd laſt,
Or ſhall I whore blind Fortune, that did ſend
Thee ſo vnluckily vnto thy end.

Shall I complaine vpon thy owne much worth,
Thy actiue care of ſeeing all goe well,
Or ſhall I plaine vpon thy going foorth
So openly; ſo neere the *Cittadell*;
Or ſhall I ſtill diſparing of reliefe,
Sit choaking in the ſmoake of ſighing griefe.

Shall I chaine vp my voyce, and nothing ſay,
O no, for then my ſorrowes wanting vent,
All my internall parts would burne away,
No furnace flames, like loue, and diſcontent;
My marrow it would melt, my vaines grow dry,
And like a fiery *Phenix* I ſhould die.

What then, ſhall I reſolue to draw away,
The floodgates of my diſcontent, and giue
Free libertie vnto my Tongue, that ſo I may,
Vnlade the burthen of my Heart, and liue,
O no, for then with too much ſpeaking, I
Should grow ſtarke mad, and like a Bedlame die.

Thus, thus alas, deare teare bedabled Ghoſt,
I muſing ſtand, how I my loue ſhould ſhow,
And for becauſe I know not which is moſt,
My griefe, or it, I know not what to doe;
Yet ſome thing noble Colonell I muſt,
Doe to preſerue, and to Imbalme thy duſt.

Shall I goe reape a crop of fatall Rew,
Of Worme-wood, and of Colloquintida,
Be-pearld all ouer with the drops of dew,
Stucke here, and there, with bitter Gentia;
To ſhew the World that I doe follow thee,
With bitterneſſe of Heart in Obſequie.

Or ſhall I purchaſe boughes of Cyprus trees,
Of Holly, Iuye, and of Miſleto,
Of Bayes, Roſemary, and ſuch wood as theſe,
With fatall Yeau, that doeth in Church-yards grow;
To make a Garland for to crowne my haire,
As though the King of Funerals I were.

Or ſhall I mourning runne into a ſhade,
Through which a day beame neuer yet could skip,
Where neuer any other light was made,
But by a Glow-worme, or a rotten chip;
And there Immure my ſelfe with blacker, blacke,
Then euer midnight wore vpon her backe.

What ſhall I doe? thus doth my ſorrow aske,
Doe: cryes an Eccho from an Abby wall,
Doe would I any thing, if that *I* knew a taske,
Aske, cry'd the Eccho bounding like a ball,
Griefe askt if he ſhould write? within a trice,
Write, was repeated by the Eccho thrice.

With that a penne made of a Rauens quill,
Fring'd with a mourning plume on either ſide,
That had beene mewd ith' corner of a hill,
A place that *Phebus* neuer yet had ey'd,
Was brought to me by ſad *Melpomene*,
That I might write as Eccho warned me,

The Cuttle *is ſaid to ſpew forth inke.*

I tooke it in my hand, and fill'd it full
Of inke (made of the ſpewing of a fiſh,)
That ſtewd a little peece of Blacke-ſheepes wooll,
Within an Acorne cup (or *Fayries* diſh,)
Which diſh *Melpomene* did alſo bring,
That I ſome ſweete ſad ſongs, mought write and ſing.

And I intended ſo my ſelfe to doe,
But whether 'twas the greatneſſe of the paine,
That with a Shot I then did vndergoe,
Or greatneſſe of my griefe that *Burgh* was ſlaine;
I cannot tell, but this I am ſure on,
I could not write for all my wit was gon.

There neuer any man was handled ſo,
With griefe as I was, for my ſences fiue,
Were all ſo ſtun'd they knew not what to doe,
They were to me in vſe but halfe a liue,
The death of *Burgh* was ſuch a fatall Theame,
That though I waking was, I did but dreame,

I dreamt me thoughts of voyces that did cry,
Without, and in me, by I knew not whom,
In ſpight of my dull braines three quarters dry,
To carue him out a liuing worded Tombe:
To lace his Herſe with lines, to build a frame,
Of his owne vertues motto'd with his Name.

To houer vp his fame aboue the Moone,
To gild his Honour with a brighter ſtarre,
Then *Mars* himſelfe has when the nighted noone,
Shewes euery Heauenly blazing Character;
Yet ſtill the more I thought for to haue writ,
The more I was confounded in my wit.

At length I fell into a daintie ſleepe,
Such as be-charmes a Countrey Farmors eyes,
After the merry ſhearing of his Sheepe,
Or any other Rurall exerciſe: (Streames,
For *Morpheus* made of Trees, Flies, Dogges, Cats,
Did neuer trouble me with fooliſh dreames.

So did I ſleepe vntill the morning light,
Reneu'd the glory of the World, and then
I wakt againe, with a more pregnant ſp'rit,
And once more flew vnto my fatall pen,
Then with a little labour that I tooke,
My braines were brought a bed, of this ſame Booke.

THy wiſedome *Burgh* was like vnto a Sea,
Wherein thy famous actions dayly ſwam,
Like *Neptun's* ſcaly Burgers euery day,
Currant wiſe men like leſſer Riuers came,
To mixe their freſhneſſe with thy ſeaſon'd wit,
Onely of purpoſe to grow ſalt by it.

And as *Pactalus* flowes on golden sand,
As Rubies, Pearles, and twinkling Diamonds,
Doe starre the Firmament of *Neptunes* land,
So did thy vertue, like farre brighter stones;
Be-pibble all the inside, outside floare
Of thy hid Channell, and thy publike Shoare.

Thou didst not couet *Mammons* yellow, white,
Pearles were no more then pibbles vnto thee,
A Pistoll, and a Sword was thy delight,
With a braue Horse to charge an Enemie:
For other worldly things they were no more,
Then flowers fading on a Sunburnt floare.

Thou didst not couet for to beare a show,
Of gaudy cloath, saust with a Spanish sent
Vpon thy backe, as Courtiers vse to doe,
That lines by weauing of fine complement:
But thou didst loue to weare good Souldiers gray,
Fit for a Corslet, or a Winters day.

And yet I must confesse the Queene of Hearts,
All Englands Mistrisse hath bestowd on thee,
Because thou wert endude with noble parts,
A daintie Scarffe, rich in Embroiderie,
Which thou didst weare sometimes vpon that gray;
Yet neuer, but vpon a Battaile day.

Thy Court was in the Campe, they Daunces were,
Stout Marches footed to a Drummers play,
'Twas not thy sport to chase a silly Hare,
Stagge, Bucke, Foxe, Wild-cat, or the limping Gray:
But Armies, Marquesses, Graues, Counts, Dukes, Kings,
Archdutchesses, and such Heroicke things.

Guns were thy hornes which ſounded thy recheat,
Of noble Warre (bright honours trueſt chaſe,)
Pickes tipt with death, thy hunting poles to beate,
And rouſe thy game, (ſport for a *Ioue*-borne race,)
Thy deepe mouth'd Hounds, a catt of Cannons were,
Whoſe braſen throates ſpew'd Thunder in the aire.

When thou didſt goe a progreſſe noble Sir,
It was through Kingdomes, Prouinces, and States,
Like to *Bellonas* chiefe Ambaſſadour,
Or *Iupiter* himſelfe, arch King of Fates:
But with thy powre worthily inclinde.
Thou carrieſt Mercy alwayes in thy miude.

All the vnited Holland States can tell,
That thou wert infinite in thy deſert,
Both Spaine, and France, can alſo witneſſe well,
Againſt themſelues how truely braue thou wert:
And I beleeue the very Heathen Kings,
Crowne thee with Laurell, and thy Proweſſe ſings.

For when that thou wert ordering for fight,
An Army Royall exerciſd to doe,
Their Countrey ſeruice, thou wert then a ſight,
For gods themſelues to goe a gazing to,
For ſo much Wiſedome, Vallour, care in one,
Was neuer yet, but in thy ſelfe alone.

Thou hadſt as much I dare maintaine of skill,
As all the owners of thoſe Printed names,
That euer liuing Cronicles doe fill,
With Martiall deeds, to their eternall fames;
For thou couldſt make, of one maine body three,
Front, Battaile, Reare, Exact, and ſuddenly.

Thou

Thou couldſt an Armie put into a Moone,
Or to a Battell croſſe, or that we call,
The Diamond, or the Wedge, and do't as ſoone,
As *Turke*, or *Scipio*, or *Hanniball*;
For thou wer't of this latter actiue time,
The onely *Mars*, and Mirrour of our Clime.

Hadſt thou but lookt vpon a Sconce, or bin
A Horne-worke, Rauelin, either in or out,
Or elſe a Cities Parropet within
Dry ditcht, and alſo Moted round about,
With Bulwarkes, Curtins, Flankers, fortifi'd,
Falſe Brayes, and other obſtacles beſide.

Thy Iudgement was ſo ripe, that thou couldſt tell,
Without the calling of a warlike Court,
How many men would man that Citie well,
That Counter-ſcarfe, Redoubt, or little Fort;
For thy braine lay within a Sconce of bone,
In iudgement ſtronger then a Tower of ſtone.

But leauing of the Towne, if you will ſee
Him in the field, his men in battell ray,
Reſolued for to winne a Victorie,
Or looſe the World, in looſing of the day:
Vpon theſe rankes of lines but fixe your looke,
And you ſhall ſee him skermiſh in my Booke.

Now he begins, March vp into the front,
Of the bold Battell of yon'daring foe,
March further yet, and now giue fier on't,
Till drunke with blood they tumble to and fro;
Charge noble Souldiers, and diſcharge againe,
And let your thunder cauſe them drop like raine.

So,

So, there falles downe a Colonell, and there
Two Enſignes, whoſe braue ſilken wings doe flap,
And ſtooping downe they cannot canſeleare,
There falles a Captaine with a pewling rap,
There a Liuetenant, here, and there whole ſholles,
Packe hence to *Charon*, O poore Souldiers ſoules.

Now if the death of theſe Commanders cauſe,
In the ſuruiuors a diſtracted rout,
Then runne like Tigers on, without a pauſe,
And ſpit them with your Pickes, and Shoote, and ſhout;
And you ſhall quickly either make them flie,
Or on their knees for Noble quarter crie.

You muſt not trifle, here's no ſhrinking now,
Fate with his Sifters, and the Furies to,
Stare through our Powder clowdes, expecting how
The Epilogue of our ſtrife will goe;
We haue the better on't, beſides the ods,
Of a good cauſe protected by the Gods.

Giue fire then, and alwayes as you ſhoote,
If that you thinke you mangle leſſe then ten,
When as you charge againe put fury too't.
A Musket prooues a very murderer then;
Then there a volley went wrapt in a clowd,
Which made their Enemies a fatall ſhrowd.

For after it as though that Fate had bin,
At ſport like puſhpin with their Files, and rankes,
They lay a thwart each other, this mans chin
Lay ouer that mans chine, armes ouer flanckes,
Legges cut away, ſoppes fit for blood and braines,
Lay ſtuing in the broth of others paines.

Which ruine they no ſooner lookt vpon,
But with amazement they a dreaming ſtood,
Whether 'twas beſt to ſtay, or to be gone,
But ere they could reſolue for their owne good;
Another ſtorme of Leade flew round about,
Which put them all into a fearefull rout.

Then went he vp, and with his fatall Pikes,
He ouer-ran, and ouer-threw his foes,
He kills a man at euery ſtroake he ſtrikes,
And head-long throwes him downe vpon his noſe;
At length inforc'ſt, for quarter they doe cry,
Which he giues in his mercie inſtantly.

To ſee a fight thus managed, and won,
Would it not make *Mars*, and *Olimpicke Ioue*,
Man-hearted *Pallas*, though a very Nun,
With Sir *Iohn Burgh*, moſt dotingly in loue:
It would, it did; it was his excellence,
That made the gods ſo ſoone to take him hence.

I ſaw him at the landing into *Rea*,
(The ſceane of all my griefe,) I cannot write,
So much as I mought without faining ſay,
Of his braue, euer to be famed fight:
For there I ſaw him ſtrike on euery ſide,
Hemd in with danger, till his danger di'de.

There did I ſee him with a Spaniſh-pike,
Free himſelfe brauely from a *Chanalzer*,
For as he came coruetting, he did ſtrike
Him through the throat, and downe he tumbled there:
And many more he braind with throwing ſtones,
Which made an Eccho in their dying grones.

I ſaw him, though I did but dimly ſee,
For I was ſhot, and lay in purblind paine,
With not aboue thrice ten of quallitie,
Puſh the maine battell backe of proud *Champaine*;
Nay more I ſaw, which erſt was neuer done,
Him and his thirtie make that thouſand runne.

I will not ſpeake of thee in *Frankendell*,
When thou wert there a Gouernour, for feare,
Fame, by whoſe *Charter* ſhe is bound to ſwell,
Her cheekes with praiſes of thy vallour there;
Should take it ill, and infamous becauſe,
My pen would rob her trumpet of applauſe.

Braue honeſt *Burgh* in triumph I could ſing,
A thouſand ſuch like ſtories of thine owne,
But that thy fame through all the world doeth ring,
And what I write would euery where be knowne;
Therefore I need not in perticular,
Be the recorder of thy noble war.

It ſhall ſuffice then that I onely tell,
All things due vnto Martiall diſcipline,
That could make any Martiall man excell,
Did in thy Vnderſtanding, Spheare, and Shine:
I wiſh to God thy knowledge had not bin,
So ouer much, *Ioue* pardon, if I ſin.

For thy much knowledge of an Engeneer,
Made thee to ſtand in ſpight of vgly Death,
With a firme Heart vncapable of feare,
Where ſoone thy Soule was wingd with dying breath:
For as thou wer , (O let me write thy fall,
With my eyes inke, imbrew'd with bitter Gall.)

As thou wert ſtanding by the *Pioners*,
Directing them with skill to breake new ground,
A ſingle noiſe, not of more Muskiteers,
Then one was heard, within the Fort to ſound;
And then a bullet through thy belly flew,
Which made thee bid the world and vs adieu.

Which word adieu, did Eccho euery where,
In each mans heart it did reuerberate;
Saint *Martins* could not onely keepe it there,
But it tooke Boate, and went to *Rochell* ſtraight:
Thence it to *England* in a Flyboate flew,
Where looſing it Ecchod onely dieu.

Dew, was thy due, from them that knew thee not,
By more intelligence then by their eares,
But vnto me thy Officer, thy Shot,
Made me to ſtone my very breaſt with teares;
For *Ione* he knowes I grieued more for thee,
Then Fathers, or my Mothers deſtinie.

For when firſt of thy Fate I vnderſtood,
The newes ran like to poyſon through my vaines,
And made a very poſſet of my blood,
I moueleſſe lay, and yet I felt ſuch paines,
That *Tantalus* nere felt, nor *Ciſaphus*,
My liuor ak't like to *Promethius*.

And I doe thinke, if *Ouid* had but knowne,
How plannet-ſtrucke I lay, my paled lookes
Had beene a theame for him to treate vpon,
And to inrole me in his Statue bookes:
Proclaiming that it was my wofull caſe,
So to be changed, by a *Gorgons* face.

Thus did the trance of my benumming griefe,
A while becharme me, till as from a ſound,
My fainting ſpirits got againe reliefe,
And were within their artyres all vnbound:
And then I inſtantly conſidered on
Thy vaniſh'd Soule, and whither it was gon.

Which when I thought vpon, ſure if I had
Not wept out all the moiſture of my braine,
With being for thy loſſe ſo ouer ſad,
My ioyes would haue inforced teares againe;
For ioyes, as well as griefes, doe alwayes keepe,
A paire of eyes in their extreames to weepe.

I knew 'twas gon to Heauen, and that it muſt,
Be onely there, *Æſtrea* liueth here,
But vpon liking, louing humane duſt,
For the ſoules ſake, *Olimpus* is her Spheare,
And 'twas her goodneſſe to thy ſoule ſhe ſtaid,
Till thou hadſt natures debt which dying paid.

I need no proofes for to auouch thy bliſſe,
More then thy actions, for I neuer knew
Thee procreator of a thing a miſſe,
Vnleſſe 'twas bad for to be iuſt and true:
I know not vnto whom more properly,
Then vnto *Dauid* for to liken thee.

For to thy Valour holineſſe was wed,
Thy breaſt was alwayes full of Sacrifice,
Thy heart thy Altar were, 'twas offered,
Thy offerings thy Soules beſt fantaſies;
Thy tongue was taught to Pray, thy hands to fight,
But both together for the Goſpels right.

Thy minde was heauenly, and of heauenly Ioyes,
It alwayes muſd, a man ſhould neuer ſee,
Thee drawne away by any tempting toyes,
To any kinde of mortall vanitie:
For in the very Center of thy heart,
A world contemning *Solomon* thou wert.

Thy Maker neuer was blaſpheam'd by thee,
And he that cut thee vp, when thou wert dead,
Thought in his very Soule, that thou wert free,
From the ſweete ſinne, of a loſt maidenhead:
For in no particle of thee he found,
The bigneſſe of a mite, that was vnſound.

And as for that ſame bellie feeding vice
Of Gluttonie, luld vp in laſie reſt,
That makes a man all brawne within a trice,
Or elſe vnweldie, at the verie beſt;
Thou waſt vngultie of, it was thy care,
Not to eate much, nor yet too daintie fare.

And as for that ſame other ſwiniſh ſin
Of Drunkenneſſe, the Idole of our dayes,
In which our Galiants hourely wallow in,
As though it was a wickedneſſe of praiſe:
Thou didſt abhorre it, as a thing accurſt,
For thou didſt neuer drinke but vpon thirſt.

And here ile ſpeake a little of the times,
For by detraction I am forc't vnto't,
For there are thoſe that throwes theſe horred crimes,
On Souldiers backes, and thinke it fame to do't:
But vnto nothing I can liken them,
But vnto Hogges, that dungs, and daubes a Iem.

For he that is a Souldier truely bred,
Is like a Iem compoſd of worth alone,
He is not harſh, nor euill qualited,
Neither a proud, nor an ambitious one:
But he is humble, chaſt, and liberall,
Bold in his right, and valiant with all.

I muſt confeſſe within an Army are,
Rogues which in it, like fleſh-flie maggots breed,
The skie was nere without a falling Starre,
A field of Wheate without a choaking weede;
But theſe we make vncapeable of fame,
And but vſurpers of a Souldiers name.

Nay, he that is a Souldier, when he ſees,
A drunken man indenting for a fall,
He will not ſuffer ſuch inormities,
He'll make him after drinke the iuice of Gall;
He'll bore the ſwearer through the tongue, and make
The leagour Panders backe, and ſide to ake.

But here at home, a man may night and day,
Lye leach-like ſucking at a wanton lip,
Sweare, and blaſpheame, to paſſe the time away,
Drinke drunke with Tinkers for good fellowſhip:
And if he be no Souldier, he is cry'd,
In Market-townes to be well qualifi'd.

But if a Souldier; let him be as good,
As ere *Lucina* brought into the World,
As nature euer made of fleſh and blood,
With all her graces in his beautie hurld:
He ſhall be held the mirror of diſgrace,
As though his very calling made him baſe.

Oh to what poorenesse is our Kingdome growne,
Out of the richnesse of an ages peace,
Such basen-sse heretofore was neuer knowne,
And now there is no hope that it will cease;
Vnlesse some Enemie by landing here,
Makes them be traind to vertue out of feare.

But whither doe I wander from my theame,
Haue I forsaken the sweete thoughts of thee,
Haue I for sower Milke forsaken Creame,
Oh no, eternall Starre it cannot be:
All this by thy example was to show,
That what men thought of Souldiers was not so.

Now I with wonder will returne to thee,
For neuer any man had such a grace,
Of virgine beautie, and of modestie,
Smothly beskinning a Mauoricke face,
Which had it not beene vpon flesh, and blood,
Thou hadst beene Angell all, thou wert so good.

Thy Stature was but low, but it was such,
For the neate making vp of excellence,
That in that little, there was showne as much,
As made rich nature poore in her expence:
Thy speech was slow to shew thy Iudgement deepe,
For small brookes rore, when greater Riuers sleepe.

A Rocke that hath a hundred Iewels in't,
Stucke here, and there, at distance values more
Then twentie Mountaines, rigg'd with fierie flint,
With Bristoll-stones, or glassie Cristoll ore:
So thy few words were of a greater prise,
Then twentie volumes of the vulger wise.

Talke that comes flying thicke and three fold out,
Dyes like to chimnie ſparkes, a chaffie hill,
Is with a ſigh puft, huft, and blowne about,
When as their waightie kernils lyeth ſtill:
A tatling fellow is compared right,
Vnto a barking Curre which dares not bite.

But he that doeth not let his wiſedome leake,
Nor froth out of the bunghole of his braine,
Do'th neuer but in the due ſeaſon ſpeake,
And ſuch words neuer are too light a graine:
Iuno's bright husband, and her brother god,
For one word ſpeaking twentie times would nod.

But with his ſilent nods, he'd terrifie,
He'd make the center of the Earth to ſhake,
He'd comfort ſome, and ſome he'd mortifie,
He'd raiſe huge ſtormes, and ſtormes he'd quiet make:
So thou with but a ſmile, or with a frowne,
Hadſt power to comfort ſome, and ſome caſt downe.

Then ſince thy calme of language merites here,
To be canonized, I meane to ring,
Thy rare few words, like Iewels in my eare,
That euer they might there be whiſpering;
Cauſing thy ſilence for to be my theame,
For there 's braue ſwimming in a quiet ſtreame.

I muſt confeſſe, when I but thinke vpon
Thy words, me thinkes into my dreaming eares,
Some Muſe is powring of ſweete Hellicon,
Or elſe I thinke, I 'm rapt into the Spheares;
Or elſe I thinke, I 'm in a ſilent ſpring,
Where now, and then, a Nightingale do'th ſing.

It is a little *Parradice* to me,
That I can thinke vpon thy Sentences,
It ſets my troubled minde at libertie,
Nere ſtrangled in a thouſand grieuances:
It lends my ſorrow this *Phœbean* beame,
To ſee my happineſſe, lies in a dreame.

For I againe ſhall neuer ſpoken here,
Such words of counſaile to preſerue the State,
In ſafetie of an Armie, being nere
The brim of a precipitating fate;
As thou waſt wont (when 'twas thy chance to liue,
A mortall vpon earth), to plod, and giue.

But thou waſt vnto Heauen no ſooner gon,
But as our light had left vs, we did finde,
Within our vnderſtandings to be growne,
A darkeneſſe that had almoſt made vs blinde:
For what we thought moſt ſecretly to doe,
Was quickly knowne, and ſoone preuented to.

We neuer could determine for to fall
Vpon the *Cittadell*, but in a trice,
Our foes beleagur'd, were inform'd of all,
They knew who gaue, and when we had aduice;
I feare like egges by the new laying Hen,
Our plots were cry'd out by our plodding men.

When he that would haue harueſt of his ſeed,
Muſt harrow-heale, and hide it in the furrowes,
So he that would haue his deſigne to ſpeed,
Muſt lodge it deepe, as if it lay in *Burrowes:*
For as vncouered corne is Iack-dawes food,
So plots diſcouered, neuer come to good.

When thou wert gon away, there went with thee,
All our good fortune, nothing euer went,
After thy fall to our expectancie,
But all our plots did end in diſcontent:
Oh cruell Fate, that robbing vs of thee,
Muſt needes rob alſo our proſperitie.

The very morning after thou waſt dead,
In came the boates, to the whole Armies griefe,
(That day the Fort ſhould haue beene rendered,
Vnto the Duke,) and brought a braue reliefe:
That mornings miſchiefe quickly hatch't vp more,
That morning ſuited with the night before.

A little after thinking for to gaine,
That by the Sword, that Famine could not doe,
We fell vpon their ontward workes a maine,
And winning them, vpon their Rampires too:
But they for vs were too well fortifi'd,
And there a many of our gallants dy'd.

And three dayes after that, (I will repeate
As little as I can of this laſt blow,)
Into the Iſle of *Ioyes* we made retreate,
The thought whereof, nigh brake my heart in two:
For there we loſt the flowers of our Land,
Such as would ſweate their blood, in their Command.

But he that reades theſe loſſes, let him know,
I doe not ſeeke to vnder value thoſe,
That in the honourable ranke did goe,
Of *Burgh* (the ſpring, and author of my woes;)
For I was neuer yet Satyricall,
My incke was not made blacke with bitter gall.

Our Colonels, that haue yeere, after yeere,
Worne out their time to reape experience,
That awes the Lord, and knowes no other feare,
But brauely can maintaine a difference:
Are honoured in my heart, and ere tis long,
I hope to ſing their valours in a ſoug.

I hope I ſhall, out of the horſe-hooſe well,
Procure a loftie flying Muſe that ſhall,
In a Poeticke thundring fury tell,
Vnto the world the vertues of them all:
That they with blooming Laurell may be crown'd,
And euery little haire of them renown'd.

But in this Booke I muſt not ſing the praiſe,
Of any man but *Burgh*, whom I will ſtriue
To keepe in honour, to the end of dayes,
Eternally (if poſſible) aliue:
And if I thought, I ſhould not looſe my paines,
I'de ſpread my paper with my very braines.

For here vnto the world I iuſtifie,
My loue to him was ſo intire, and true,
That rather then I would haue had him die,
I would my ſelfe haue bid the world adieu:
Although this penance had beene ſet vpon,
My death to adde vnto deſtruction.

That I ſhould in ſome ſolitarie hole,
Where fatall Scritch-owles, their ſhrill omen ſings,
Without the comfort of a liuing Soule,
Saue ſqueaking Rat-bats, with their leather wings;
Immure my ſelfe, and with a diſmall cry,
Make vp the conſort, and ſo pewling die.

There was not any death in my conceite,
That was ſo gaſtly to haue frighted me,
Or made my reſolution retreate,
From ſauing, keeping, or preſeruing thee:
For thou wert ſuch another noble man,
I would haue ſau'd thee like a *Pellican*.

But whither doe I in affection
Runne, a wild pilgrimage? let me but eye,
Thy noble fall with more diſcretion,
And what I make a mournefull Tragedie:
I ſhall to my great ioy perceiue to be,
Onely a bleſſing haſtened vnto thee.

For if thy fatall thread had beene ſo long,
That thou hadſt had a life for to haue knowne,
Of many noble friends, how great a throng,
Was comming off, cut off, and ouerthrowne:
Thy God that tooke thee hence did well fore-ſee,
Thy life had then beene worſe then death to thee.

Then ſince it was, in loue, thy Fathers will,
To ſnatch thee to him into Heauen; I dare
No longer be ſo pittifully ill,
To moane thy abſence here, and preſence there:
But I will ioy, thou wert ſo good a ſonne,
That for thy good, thy Fathers will was done.

Ile ioy thou hadſt ſo gracious a King,
At home ſo brauely for to bury thee,
That farre from home, the fame thereof did ring,
To be a maſter-piece of Obſequie:
Ile ioy thou hadſt ſo good a Generall,
That ſent thee home for ſo braue Funerall.

And as I haue purſu'd thee to thy graue
With ſorrow, in the ſhaddow of thy Hearſe:
So now let ioy, the roome of ſorrow haue,
And let me with a ſmile, conclude my verſe;
Becauſe I know the laſt beſt part of thee,
Is made in Heauen, an endleſſe commedie.

Yet though thy blis hath made me glad,
Thy Epitaph, muſt needes be ſad,
Becauſe the teares that dropt vpon
Thy graue, were turned into ſtone:
In which thy Body was inclos'd,
Of which alone thy Tombes compos'd.

The EPITAPH.

Here lyes within theſe Nyobæan *ſtones,*
Braue Sir IOHN BVRGH, *whoſe body cannot turne*
To ſtinking duſt like other mortall ones,
For as he doth deſolue within this Vrne:
His liuing vertues turnes him into ſpice,
Which one day muſt be kept in Parradice.